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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

## POSTER.

### ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. BIGGNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock,  
And graven in Paradise.  
Set round with three times eight  
Large diamonds, clear and bright,  
And each with sixty smaller ones,  
All changeable as the light.

Lost!—where the thoughtless throng  
In fashion's mazes wind,  
Where trillium folly's song,  
Leaving a sting behind;  
Yet to my hand 'twas given  
A golden harp to buy,  
Such as the white-robed choir attune  
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!  
I feel all search is vain;  
That gem of countless cost  
Can ne'er be mine again;  
I offer no reward,  
For till these heart-strings sever,  
I know that Heaven-trusted gift  
Is left away forever.

But when the sea and land  
Like burning scrolls have fled,  
I'll see it in His hand,  
Who judgeth quick and dead,  
And when of scathe and loss  
That man can ne'er repair,  
The dread inquiry meets my soul,  
What shall it answer there?

From the Republican Journal.

### Common Schools—No. 1.

The time is near at hand when the qualified voters in the several towns and plantations throughout the State, will be called upon to assemble in "Town Meetings" for the annual election of town officers, and transaction of such business as ordinarily comes before them upon that occasion. The necessary sums of money for making and repairing highways and bridges for the maintenance and support of schools and the poor, and for other necessary charges will be raised, and a Clerk, Board of Selectmen, Assessors, Overseers of the Poor, and the usual number of Highway Surveyors, Constables, Collectors, Field-drivers, and Fence-viewers elected. In all these proceedings a deep interest will be felt and manifested, that no larger sum of money should be raised than necessity requires, and that the management of the town affairs should be entrusted to intelligent, honest, and competent men. These objects attained, three fourths, at least, of the voters feel that the great business of the day is accomplished. This is the conclusion of the meeting, and the state of feeling when the Moderator calls on those present to bring in their votes for the Superintendent School Committee. A few ballots—perhaps ten or fifteen are written—placed in the hands of those who happen to stand in immediate proximity to the Moderator—deposited in the box—and the vote declared. The meeting may, in the progress of business, be in an uproar, and the house pulled to settle the conflicting claims of rival candidates for the office of highway surveyor, whose whole official duty consists in seeing that the highways are kept in a safe and convenient condition for travelers to pass and repass with their horses, teams, carts, and carriages, while the selection of members of the School Committee who, for the ensuing year, are to direct the course of instruction, act as supervisors of the moral and intellectual education of the children and youth in town, is regarded as a matter of such trifling consequence, that few interest themselves sufficiently even to ask or know upon whom the choice falls.

To men who appreciate as men should the value of early education—the importance of correct intellectual and moral training in early life—the responsibility which rests upon each generation of forming and giving direction to the mind of the generation which is to succeed it, this indifference on the part of the great mass to one of the most powerful agencies for good or evil, is matter of serious and melancholy reflection. It is not to be inferred from the foregoing remarks that this fatal lethargy prevails the whole body politic. There are many, very many places in the State, where the subject receives the consideration to which it is entitled; where School Committees are elected with reference to their peculiar qualifications for the office—where the selection is not left to caprice or accident, but the intelligence and integrity of the people are awake to the importance of the matter and act. But at the same time, that the evil does exist and is wide spread, is neither to be gainsaid or denied. It may be said, and in many cases, perhaps, with truth, that a School Committee elected in the mode above described may be as well fitted for the discharge of the duties pertaining to the office, as one elected by the unanimously expressed consent of all the qualified voters in town—but the possibility, or the probability that such may be the fact, furnishes no apology for indifference or inaction in regard to so weighty a matter. Men do not so reason in the election of those who are to manage their financial concerns. The ed-

ucated in the *street school* may, by possibility, become as useful and valuable a member of society as the one educated in the *high school*—but what parent who should by indifference or inattention to the welfare of his child encourage him to run the hazard, would be denounced by all as false and faithless to his trust.

I have spoken of the Superintendent School Committee as a powerful agency for good or evil: a brief consideration of the duties devolving upon that committee will sufficiently establish the truth of the proposition. The Statute makes it their duty to "direct the general course of instruction, and what books shall be used in the respective schools." The power thus conferred is liable, in the hands of incompetent or unprincipled men, to the grossest abuse. Ignorance may so hamper and restrict the course of instruction that the benefits which should result from a common school education, may be worse than lost, while favoritism may expel from the school the best text books in use, and substitute the most exceptionable.

The same Statute makes it the duty of the School Committee to enquire into the regulations and discipline of the schools, to classify the scholars, and to expel any obstinately disobedient and disorderly scholar, if found necessary. Upon the judicious discharge of these duties depend the peace and usefulness of the school. A school without proper regulations and discipline is any thing, rather than a nursery for the growth of useful knowledge. But there is a still higher power conferred upon School Committees—the proper exercise of which is of vital importance to the whole system. They are made the judges of the qualifications of teacher. Without their certificate no person can be employed, as a teacher—and any one so employed, who shall be found, in their opinion, incapable or unfit to teach, may be dismissed. With them rests the power of determining, for the time being, who shall be the teachers of our children. If it be true that a good teacher is a blessing, then is a bad one a curse. Whether our children shall be entrusted to the guidance and exposed to the influence of the one or the other, is a question of which the committee are sole judges, and from their decision there is no appeal. Said I not right, then, that the School Committee is a powerful agency for good or for evil?

In a future number I propose to treat of the qualifications necessary to the proper and faithful discharge of the duties of the office.

W. G. C.

## THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

### LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

#### WASHINGTON'S

#### LAST CHARGE AT BRANDYWINE.

They tell us that he was cold, calm, passionless: a heart of ice and a face of marble. Such is the impression which certain men, claiming the title of Philosopher and Historian, have scattered to the world, concerning our own Washington.

They compare him with the great man of France. Yes, they say Napoleon was a man of genius; but Washington a man of talent. Napoleon was all fire, energy, sublimity; Washington was a very good man, it is true, but cold, calculating, common-place.

While they tell the mass of the people that Washington was a saint, nay, almost a demi-god, they draw the curtain over his heart, they hide from us, under piles of big words, and empty phrases, WASHINGTON THE MAN.

You may take the demi-god, if you like, and vapor away whole volumes of verbose admiration on a shadow, but, for my part, give me Washington the Man.

He was a Man. The blood that flowed in his veins was no Greenland current of half-melted ice, but the warm blood of the South: fiery as its sun, impetuous as its rivers. His was the undying love for a friend: his, the unfathomable scorn for a mean enemy: his, the inexpressible indignation when the spirit of party—that crawling thing, half snake, half ape—began to bite his heel.

I like to look at Washington the Man. Nay, even at Washington the Boy, dressed in plain backwoodsman's shirt and moccasins, struggling for his life, yonder, on the raft, tossed to and fro by the waves and ice of Alleghany river.

Or at Washington the young General, sitting in his camp at Cambridge, the map of the New World before him, as, sword by his side, and pen in hand, he planned the conquest of the Continent.

Or, yet again, I love to behold Washington the Despoised Rebel, sitting so calm and serene, among those wintry valleys of Valley Forge, while the Pestilence thins his camp and Treason plots its schemes for his ruin in Congress. Yes, I love to look upon him, even as he receives the letter announcing the Cabal, which has been formed by dishonest and ambitious men, for his destruction: I see the scorn flash his cheek and fire his eye: I hear the words of indignation ring from his lips: as I look, his broad chest heaves, his clenched hand grasps his sword.

And yet, in a moment, he is calm again; he has subdued his feelings of indignation, not because they are unjust, but from the sublime reason that the Cause in which he is engaged is too high, too holy, for any impulse of personal vengeance.

Here is the great key to Washington's heart and character. He was a man of strong passions and warm blood, yet he crushed these passions, and subdued this fiery blood, in order to accom-

plish the Deliverance of his Country. He fervently believed that he was called by God to Deliver the New World. This belief was, in fact, the atmosphere of all his actions; it moulded the entire man anew, and prepared the Virginia Planter, the Provincial Colonel, for the great work of a Deliverer.

They tell me that he was never known to smile. And yet there never breathed a man, whose heart bounded more freely, at the song and jest, than his. But there was a cause for the deep solemnity, which veiled his face when he appeared in public. The image of his Country, bleeding on her thousand hills, under the footsteps of British Tyranny, was ever before him, calling, as with the voice of a ghost, upon him, her champion and Saviour.

After the Revolution, there were as substantial and important reasons for his solemnity of look and presence as before.

The country which he had redeemed was torn by the langs of party-spirit. The wolves of faction, who had lain somewhat stilled and subdued during the war, came out from their dens as soon as the day broke over the long night, and howled their watchwords in the ear of Washington and around the Ark of the Country's Freedom.

How to crush these creatures, without endangering that Ark, or embroiling the land in a civil war—this was the thought that always shadowed, with deep solemnity, sometimes gloom, the countenance of Washington the President.

It is a bitter thought to me that the heart of this great, this good, this warm-hearted man, was as much torn and pained during his Presidential career, by the war of opposing factions, as it was in the Revolution by his contest with a British foe.

To him there never came an hour of rest. His anxiety for his country followed him to Mount Vernon, and ended only with his last breath. Too pure for a party man, soaring far above the atmosphere of faction, he only held one name, one party dear to his heart—the name and party of the AMERICAN PEOPLE.

In order to reveal a new page in this man's character and history, let us look upon him in the hour of battle and defeat. Let us pierce the battle-mists of Brandywine, and gaze upon him at the head of his legions.

'PULASKI!' The noble countenance of the brave Pole stood out in strong relief from the white smoke of battle. That massive brow, surmounted by the dark fur cap and darker plume, the aquiline nose, the lip, concealed by a thick moustache, and the full square chin, the long black hair, sweeping to the shoulders—this marked profile was drawn in bold relief, from the curtain of the battle-smoke. An expression of deep sadness stamped the face of the hero.

'I was thinking of Poland!' he exclaimed, in broken accents, as he heard his name pronounced by Washington.

'Yes,' said Washington, with deep solemnity of tone, 'Poland has many wrongs to avenge! But God lives in Heaven, yonder—he pointed upward with his sword—and he will right the innocent at last!'

'He will!' echoed the Pole, as his gleaming eye reaching beyond time and space seemed to behold this glorious spectacle—Poland free, the cross shining serenely over her age-worn shrines, the light of peace glowing in her million homes.

'Pulaski,' said Washington 'look yonder!'

The Poleander followed with his eye the gesture of Washington's sword. Gazing down the hill, he beheld the last hope of the Continental Army embosomed among British bayonets; he saw the wreck of Sullivan's right wing yielding slowly before the invader, yet fighting for every inch of ground. He beheld the reserve, under Greene, locked in one solid mass, faces, hands, muskets, swords, all turned to the foe; an island of heroes, encircled by a sea of British hirelings. The Royal Army extended far over the fields to the foot of Osbourne's hill; the Red Cross banner waved over the walls of the Quaker Temple. Far to the South, scattered bands of Continentals were hurrying from the fields, some bearing their wounded comrades, some grasping broken arms, some dragging their shattered forms slowly along. Still that brave reserve of Greene, that wreck of Sullivan's right wing, fought around the banner of the Stars, while the Red Cross flag glared in their faces from every side.

The declining sun shone over the fight, lighting up the battle clouds with its terrible glow. It was now five o'clock. But one hour since the conflict began, and yet a thousand souls had gone from this field of blood up to the throne of God!

The sky is blue and smiling yonder, as you see it through the rifted clouds—look there upon the second azure, and tell me! Do you behold the ghosts of the dead, an awful and shadowy band, clustering yonder—gloriously with wounds—dripping with blood—clustering in one solemn meeting around that Impenetrable Bar?

At one glance, Pulaski took in the terrible details of the scene.

'Now,' shouted Washington, 'Let us go down!' He pointed to the valley with his sword. All his reserve, all his calmness of manner was gone. 'Let us go down!' he shouted again. 'The day is lost, but we will give these British gentlemen our last farewell. Pulaski—do you hear me—do you echo me—do you feel as I feel?—The day is lost, but we will go down!'

'Down!' echoed Pulaski, as his eye caught the glow flashing from the eye of Washington. 'Give way there! Down to the valley for our last farewell!'

Washington quivered from head to foot. His eyes glared with the fever of strife. The sunlight shone over his bared brow, now radiant with an immortal impulse.

His hand gathered his sword in an iron grasp

—he spoke to his steed—the noble horse moved slowly on, through the ranks of Pulaski's legion. Those rough soldiers uttered a yell as they beheld the magnificent form of Washington quivering with battle rage.

'Come, Pulaski! Our banner is there! Now we will go down!'

Then there was a sight, to see once—and die! Rising in the stirrups, Washington pointed to the fight, and swept down the hill like a whirlwind, followed by Pulaski's band, Pulaski himself, vainly endeavoring to rival his pace at the head of the iron men.

General Greene, turning his head over his shoulders, in the thickest of the fight, beheld with terror, with awe, the approach of Washington. He would have thrown his horse in the path of the chief, but the voice of Washington—terrible in its calmness, irresistible in its rage—thundered even amid the clamor of that fight.

'Greene—come on! Who could resist that look, the upraised sword, the voice?'

The band of Pulaski thundered by, and Greene followed with horse and foot, with steed and bayonet! The fire blazing in Washington's eye spread like an electric flash along the whole column. The soldiers were men no longer; no fear of bayonet or bullet now! The very horses caught the fever of that hour.

One cry burst like thunder on the British host: 'Give way there! Washington comes to battle!'

Far down the hill, La Fayette and the Life Guard were doing immortal deeds, for the banner of the stars.

Brows bared, uniforms fluttering in rags, they followed the Boy of Nineteen, into the vortex of the fight, waving evermore that banner overhead.

They saw Washington come. You should have heard them shout, you should have seen their swords, how, dripping with blood, they glittered on high. La Fayette saw Washington come, yes, the majestic form, the sunlit brow! That sight inflamed his blood—

'Now, La Fayette, come on!'

They were ranged beside the band of Pulaski, these children of Washington; the gallant Frenchman led them on.

Thus Washington, Pulaski, Greene, La Fayette, thundered down into the fight. It was terrible to hear the tramp of their horses' hoofs.

Captain Waldemar—the brave partisan—with the last twenty of his riders, was holding a desperate fight with thrice the number of British troopers. He too beheld Washington come, he too beheld that solid column at his back; with one bound he dashed through the British band; in another moment he was by the side of La Fayette. Washington turned to him—

'Waldemar, we go yonder to make our last farewell! Come on!'

And they went,—yes, Washington at the head of the column led them on. With banners waving all along the column, with swords and bayonets mingling in one blaze of light, that iron column went to battle.

The British were in the valley and over the fields; you might count them by thousands.

There was one horrid crash, a sound as though the earth had yawned to engulf the armies.

Then, oh then, you might see this bolt of battle, crashing into the British host, as a mighty river rushing into the sea, drives the ocean waves far before it. You might see the bared brow of Washington, far over swords and spears; then might you hear the yell of the British, as this avalanche of steel burst on their ranks! Men, horses, all were leveled before the path of this human hurricane. Follow the sword of Washington, yonder, two hundred yards right into the heart of the British army, he is gone—gone in terrible glory! On either side swell the British columns, but this avalanche is so sudden, so unexpected, that yonder columns are for a moment paralyzed.

And now Washington turns again. He wheels, and his hand wheel with him. He comes back, and they come with him. His sword rises and falls, and a thousand swords follow its motion.

And down—striking, torn, crushed, the foe men are trampled; another furrow of British dead strew the ground. Vain were it to tell the deeds of all the heroes, in that moment of glory Greene, La Fayette, Pulaski, Waldemar, the thousand soldiers, all seem to have but one arm, one soul! They struck at once, they shouted at once, at once they conquered.

'Now,' he shouted, as his uniform, covered with dust and blood, quivered with the glorious agitation that shook his proud frame, 'Now we CAN AFFORD TO RETREAT!'

It was a magnificent scene. Washington—his steed halted by the roadside, the men of Pulaski and his own life-guard ranged at his back—Washington gazed upon his legions as they swept by. They came with dripping swords, with broken arms—horse and foot, went hurrying by, spreading along the road to the south, while the banner of the stars waved proudly overhead. First, the legions of Greene, then the band of Waldemar, with the gallant La Fayette riding in their midst. He was ashy pale, that ghastly boy, and the manly arm of a veteran trooper held him in the saddle. His leg was shattered by a musket ball. Yet, as he went by, he raised his hand, still grasping that well-used sword, and murmured faintly that word his French tongue pronounced so well—'Washington!'

Washington beheld the hero, and smiled. 'God be with you, my brave friend!'

Then came the wreck of Sullivan's division, bloodstained their faces, broken their arms, wild and wan their looks, sad and terrible their shattered array. They swept by to the south, their gallant General still with his band.

'Now,' said Washington, while the Life Guard

and Pulaski's men encircled him with a wall of steel, 'Now we will retreat!'

At this moment, while the British recovered from their late panic, were rushing forward in solid columns, the face and form of Washington presented a spectacle of deep interest.

He sat erect upon his steed, gazing with mingled sadness and joy, now upon the retreating Continentals, now upon the advancing British. Around him were the stout troopers; by his side the warrior form of Pulaski; far away hills and valleys, clouded with smoke, covered with marching legions; above, the blue sky, seen in broken glimpses—the blue sky and the declining sun.

The blue and buff uniform of the Hero was covered with dust and blood.

His sword, lifted in his extended arm, was dyed with crimson drops.

'You could see his chest heave again, and his eye glare once more.'

'On, comrades, now we can afford to retreat! And the sunlight poured gladly over the uncovered brow of Washington.'

## A BULL ABOUT A BULL.

A little volume lately published in London, entitled '*Irish Diamonds*' contains the annexed *jeux d'esprit*—a really delicious anecdote, and as good as anything in Joe Miller:—

A merry evening party, in an English country town, were bantering poor Teddy, the Irishman, about his countrymen being so famous for bulls.

'By my faith,' said Teddy, 'you needn't talk about that same in this place; you're as fond of bulls as any people in all the world, so you are.'

'Nonsense!' some of the party replied; 'how do you make that out?'

'Why, sure, it's very easy, it is; for in this paltzy bit of a town you've got more public houses nor I ever see wid the sign of the bull over the doors, so you have.'

'Nay, Teddy very few of those; but there's some of 'em, you know, in every town.'

'Yes,' said Teddy, obstinately sticking to his text, for he had laid a trap for his friends, but you've more nor your share, barring that you're so fond of bulls, as I say; I'm sure I can count half a dozen of 'em.'

'Pooh, nonsense!' cried the party; 'that will never do; what'll you bet on that, Teddy?—You're out there, my boy, depend upon it, we know the town as well as you, and what will you bet?'

'Indeed, my brave boys, I'll not bet at all; I'm no better, I assure ye,—I should be worse if I wur! This sally tickled his companions, and he proceeded. 'But I'll be bound to name and count the six.'

'Well, do, do,' said several voices.

'Now, let me see; there's the Black Bull.'

'Yes, that's one.'

'Then, there's the Red Bull.'

'That's two.'

'And the White Bull.'

'Come, that's three.'

'And the Pied Bull.'

'So there is; you'll not go much further.'

'And then there's—there's—there's—the Golden Bull, in ——— what's it street?'

'Well done, Teddy; that's five, sure enough, but you're short yet.'

'Ay,' said a little letter carrier, who sat smirking in the corner, and he will be short, for there isn't one more, I know.'

'And then, remember,' continued Teddy, carefully pursuing his enumeration, 'there's the Dun Cow.'

At this, a burst of laughter fairly shook the room, and busy hands kept the tables and glasses rattling amid boisterous cries of

'A bull! a bull!'

Looking serious at all around, Teddy deliberately asked,—

'Do you call that a bull?'

'To be sure, it's a bull!' exclaimed several voices at once.

'Then,' said Teddy, 'that's the sixth!'

Here an unavoidable defeat in the direct was converted into a victory in the antipodean, by the cleverly obtained admission of the vanquished party themselves.

## ANECDOTE WITH A MORAL.

When Charles the Second chartered the Royal Society, it is narrated of him that he was disposed to give the philosophers a royal, but at the same time a wholesome lecture:—

'Why is it, my lords and gentlemen,' said he, 'that if you fill a vessel with water to the very brim, so that it will not hold a single drop more, yet, putting a turbot into the water, it shall not overflow the vessel?'

Many were the sage conjectures: that the fish would drink as much water as compensated for his own bulk—that he condensed the water to that amount—that the air-bladder had something to do with the phenomenon—and a hundred others, which were propounded and abandoned in their turn, much to the amusement of the merry monarch. At length Mr. Wren, (afterward Sir Christopher), modestly asked,

'But is your Majesty sure that such would be the case?'

'Aye, there!' exclaimed his Majesty, laughing. 'You have it; always, gentlemen, find out whether the thing be true, before you proceed to account for it:—then I shall not be ashamed of the charter I have given you.'

Certainly. In a Methodist church, a few Sundays since, a brother announced that henceforth the old gentlemen were to set on the left of the pulpit, and the old ladies on the right. On the following Sabbath, all the seats thus appropriated to the old ladies were empty!







and finally, in this manner to place the future peaceful relations of the two countries upon a permanent basis? This is the policy of the war. Mr. Calhoun avows it. He draws an indemnity line, and argues at length, to show that the maintenance of such a line, and its acknowledgment by Mexico, will fully carry out this policy. He advocates the advantages of such a policy, carried out, and then turns about and condemns the policy of the war. Where is the consistency of this? How secure the indemnity, as proposed by himself, without the war? Let any other man of ordinary talents make a speech like this of Mr. Calhoun's, and it would not only be considered as a bounding in contradictions, but as carrying on the very face of it dishonesty.

We are "left to infer," from another part of Mr. Calhoun's speech, that he is opposed to the further acquisition of territory, unless it comes as slave territory. In this way, we "infer," he expects to please the South, and by his opposition to the war and the Administration obtain favor with the anti-war party at the North—and all this with an eye to the Presidency. This, however, is a "matter of inference," he denying that his object is the Presidency; and perhaps the people will take him at his word, and deny that it is their "object," or intention to elevate him to that high office.

**PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE—WAR TAX.**  
This concise but able message (on another page of to-day's paper,) will commend itself to the patriotism and good sense of the people. It indicates the determination of the executive power to do its part to maintain the honor and credit of the nation—to pursue the war vigorously until it shall please the enemy to sue for peace.

That part of the message relating to recruiting the army needs no comment. There is a disposition in Congress to grant men, to the number that may be required, and to leave the responsibility of vindicating the call for them to the Administration. And Congress will undoubtedly respond to the call of the Executive.

But, says the Boston Post, there is a more important thing to be done than this—namely, to maintain the credit of the country. For this purpose a war tax is proposed, in the shape of a duty on tea and coffee. This measure is opposed by the Whigs, and we regret to say, by some of the Democrats. The opposition of the former is easily accounted for on partisan grounds. A few years ago, in times of peace, these same Whigs had no hesitation on this point. In 1811-12, they advocated a tax on tea and coffee. But now the country is at war—money is wanted that the administration may conduct the war to a successful issue, and to maintain the national credit, the very Whigs, the very presses, that then went for a tea and coffee tax, now object to the measure with horror! Worse than this: not a year ago some of the Whig presses dared the Secretary of the Treasury to recommend this measure, and now that he has done it, come out and oppose it!

#### FATHER RITCHIE AND THE U. S. SENATE.

The Senate of the United States on the 13th inst., recorded a vote of which they will hereafter forever feel ashamed. By a vote of 27 to 21—the yeas comprising all the Federalists and Messrs. Calhoun, Butler, Wadsworth and Yulee—they have resolved that the venerable and accomplished editor of the Union, published at Washington, and his partner, Mr. Hays, shall be denied the privilege of attending themselves into the great presence of that dignified body! The offense, as a communication published in the Union, appeared, as an editorial article, censuring the Senate for their vote respecting the army bill. The communication might not have been reached in the most respectful language, yet it is true, and as dignified as much of the language used by certain Senators themselves; and Congress has no right to attempt to try or punish any man for expressing an opinion merely, though it may be erroneous, when it has no connection with the report of the proceedings of Congress which is addressed to be correct. To thus undertake to abridge the rights and the freedom of the Press is a species of usurpation and aggression, to which the American people will never submit. Two attacks made on the press should call forth a manly feeling among the conductors of newspapers, in vindication of the honor of the profession. They should speak boldly upon the subject, and teach their petty tyrants that they are not unenvied, and will not be allowed to attempt to muzzle the press with impunity. They should exercise the freedom of the press, and inform the aggressors that a just punishment awaits them.

Censure an editor for his independence? Why, we think it a general error among editors of newspapers, that they overrate the danger of the perfect freedom and independence in the expression of opinion. It is true that a man who is determined to utter his honest sentiments, at any risk, offends many attacked to his party, but they are the mere tools and lack of party. The great body of the people like nothing better than to see an editor, or a candidate for office, unreserved and bold in his discussions of all public questions. The most successful politicians, in the end, are those who are the most fearless and self-dependent. It is soon known that they speak and act from principle, and the knowledge of this fact begets a confidence on the part of the people, which becomes invulnerable. What was the secret of Gen. Jackson's popularity? The prevalent conviction that he would carry out his honest feelings, in spite of all the parties and factions in the world. And Mr. Ritchie will be courted and feared, even by those who hate him, because, come what may, he will be nothing more nor less than Ritchie, free, incorruptible, above the dictation of cliques, as he is above the fear of his enemies.

The act of expulsion, of Father Ritchie, is only equalled in infamy and enormity by the passage of the celebrated resolution against President Jackson, and which was afterwards expunged in conformity with the will of the people. We sincerely hope a similar fate awaits this.

A Probate Court will be held at the Probate Office on Tuesday next.

**DEMOCRACY.**—The fact, best revelation to human thought, God's government is a Democracy! Heaven is a Democracy. "This part of man's nature to be free; the same constitution which makes him a moral, makes him a free being. He has a right to pursue his own true and substantial happiness, in that manner which contravenes not the same rights of his neighbor. Man gives up no right to government. Government is but the guarantee to every man the free exercise of his legitimate rights. Government founded in nature can give no privileges; confer no exclusive powers; and that is the best government which governs least, and where the rights of all are the rights of each. God created all men free and equal, but the world has been governed too much—and their rights have been too generally sacrificed. But we may learn a good lesson from this by contrasting the evil with the good—learn to better appreciate our rights, and the rights of others, and better use our influence to secure them.

**REMARKS.** Says the Pedlar to the Housemaid, "the country is ruined, the people are ruined, we're ruined."

"But," says the Housemaid to the Pedlar, "how can that be? The people are well clad, and have plenty to eat and to drink."

"But," says the Pedlar, "I tell you we are ruined and you're a ruined woman, Jeanie."

"The Lord preserves us," says the Housemaid, "I never heard tell of that before."

"Then," says the Pedlar, "you don't read the Aberdeen Gazette, for it talks of nothing else."—*Scotch Paper.*

We have lots of such ruin in this country, found, however, only in Whig papers.

**THE THREE MILLION BILL.** With the Wilmet Provision attached, has passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 115 to 105. It is thought the Provision will cause its defeat in the Senate.

**FIRE AT GRAY CORNER.** The large public house at Gray Corner, built by Mr. John McKenney, and occupied by Mr. Theophilus Dame, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night last. The fire is supposed to have originated in one of the chimneys. The house was insured in the amount of \$2,100, and the shed, which was burned down, in the sum of \$100.

**Abolition of Slavery in Delaware.** The select committee of the Delaware legislature, to which was referred the petition of a number of citizens, praying the abolition of slavery in that state, have reported a bill in accordance with the views of the petitioners. The report contains an expression of sympathy with political abolitionism, and considers it a subject belonging exclusively to the state in which slavery exists. For many years slavery has been merely nominal in Delaware, and the committee is of opinion that if not now abolished, in a few years it will necessarily become extinct.

**A letter in the Freeman says—**  
"American news is sought for with great avidity in Vera Cruz. A copy of Mr. Webster's Philadelphia speech was transmitted to Mexico, and gave lively satisfaction. It is fully believed that the administration of Polk is tottering to its fall, and that a proffered anti-war party must soon come into power. Opposition articles are published in most of the newspapers, and are calculated to do more mischief in Mexico than would be the case in almost any other country, as there is nothing so extravagant for the credulity of these people."

These politicians who were raised in the faith of the old Adams dynasty told the people that, if Jefferson was elected President, religion would be trampled under foot, and the Bible burned; and those who live now, and hope to die, in the faith of the Hartford convention, in the end of the present administration to save the country from some future worse than the French revolution! No money matters were regarded in the first instance; power will be obtained now.

The following is given as the letter of a lady of Kentucky, whose husband was charged to fight a duel, but was taken sick before the time of fighting occurred. To the opposite party made some remarks that seemed to imply that the challenge was a hoax. She at once addressed a note to the friend of the adverse side, containing these words—  
"Sir—My husband is sick. He is unable to be on the ground tomorrow, I will take his place."  
Yours, respectfully, Margaret L.

According to the Mexican accounts as given by the friends of New Leon, the war guard of Col. May, just in the Gulf of Santa Rosa, was cut off by a party of twenty-five men and boys, inhabitants of San Pedro, who were on the point of being killed down the heights. None of the guard appear to have been killed, as the whole, eleven in number, were sent prisoners to San Juan de los Rios.

Thomas Rawlings, Esq., of Brooklyn, has received notice for 1600 acres, of 150 acres each, in Western Virginia, for a Welsh settlement, to be commenced in the spring.

The Sarah Sands brought \$14,000, and it is expected the Cambria will bring more than four millions in specie, and that ten millions will be shipped from England to the United States before the first of May.

There were eight square-rigged vessels loading with corn at Liverpool, on the 14th inst. They will carry at least 1,000,000 bushels.

The society of Friends of Philadelphia have sent three trunks to Ireland of \$200 each. A further remittance of \$200 had been sent by one of the committee.

Lyell, the geologist, asserts that there is more coal in the single state of Illinois than all Europe.

**Naval Exploit.** Intelligence has been received at Washington of the bombardment of Guaymas, (in the Gulf of California) and the cutting out of a Mexican brig, by a party from the U. S. sloop-of-war Cyane. The affair was a gallant and successful one, and was accomplished with but one loss, although performed under the fire of five hundred Mexican muskets, and an eighteen pounder. It took place on the 7th October. The town, although bombarded, and seriously damaged, does not appear to have been taken possession of by our forces.

**EDUCATION MEETING.**  
A Meeting was held at Buckfield Village, on the 10th inst., by the citizens of Buckfield, to hear an address from the Hon. STEPHEN FURNY, on the subject of Education; and in relation to the late law of Maine, creating a Board of Education, and the proceedings of that Board.

The Meeting was organized by the choice of Elder Robert Hayes, President, and Aaron Parsons, Secretary. After the address was made, a committee was chosen to prepare resolutions on the subject before the Meeting, who reported the following:

**Resolved,** That Education is the greatest of all earthly pursuits; and to an American, its rights are his greatest inheritance, and his highest duty is to transmit them to posterity unimpaired.

**Resolved,** That Education to be complete must be moral and physical, as well as intellectual; each in its appropriate degree.

**Resolved,** That of all instrumentalities to education, that of our Common Schools be the greatest, and the improvement of these should be the first object of the government and of the people.

**Resolved,** That the late law of our State, establishing the Board of Education meets our full approbation, and we hope it will be carried into complete effect.

**Resolved,** That we present our most hearty thanks, to Judge Furny, for his eloquent and able address just now delivered before us.

The last resolution was passed most heartily; the others laid over to the adjournment, which on account of the lateness of the hour, was determined on.

On Wednesday evening the 10th inst., the meeting opened on the adjournment, when the other resolutions were taken up and after a thorough discussion, passed unanimously.

**Totd,** That the Secretary forward copies of the resolutions, to the papers published in this County for publication.

AARON PARSONS, Secretary.

#### COMMON SCHOOLS.

**MR. MILLER:** By a vote of those present at the interesting educational meeting held at the Meeting house on Saturday, the 15th inst., a committee of six gentlemen was raised and were to hold themselves in readiness to visit any School District in town, invited for the purpose of explaining the Law "Establishing the Board of Education," and to give their views of its practical results, with such observations as they might deem proper upon the important subject of Common Schools. In accordance with the above, our District extended an invitation to C. Andrews and G. Shuttleworth, who met with most of the parents and children at the School House on the afternoon of Tuesday last.

The meeting was well attended; and although some may have doubted, heretofore, the utility of the present Law, from the deep interest manifested and from the practical manner in which the subject was treated by both gentlemen, and from the hearty vote of thanks passed at the close of the meeting, we feel safe in saying that all were thoroughly convinced that great good is to result from the contemplated improvements, if not aided by an opposition to the Law, inconsiderately brought about by those who know little or nothing of its useful and important provisions.

We ask you to give this a place in your paper, that other Districts in and out of town may avail themselves of the opportunity so favorable for all to inform themselves upon a subject so deeply interesting.

ALONZO KING, Chairman.  
ELIAS CHASE, Secretary.

**Proposals for a Loan.** The Secretary of the treasury advises in the Washington papers for a loan of \$18,000,000 on treasury notes to be issued under the act of January 23th payable two years after the date of said notes, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum payable semi-annually.

We can conceive of no meaner creature under Heaven than the thing who will refuse to take his paper from the Post Office while indebted for the same, and leave us to find out the fact as best we may. [Both Times].

**Our difficulty with Brazil** has, we understand, been satisfactorily adjusted by Mr. Buchanan, our Secretary of State, and Chevalier Caspar Jose de Lacerda, the Brazilian Minister at Washington. The dispatches containing the terms of adjustment, it is said will be taken out in the U. S. ship Northampton which will sail in a day or two. [Tribune].

**Search vision.**—Some time ago, a sailor, who had formerly belonged to his Majesty's navy, went one Sunday to the Kirk, in his native town of Kirkcaldy, where he behaved with great propriety, until the minister read his text, which was as follows:—"Who will go up with us to the battle of Ramoth Gilead?" The sailor having first examined a quid of tobacco into his cheek, rose up, put on his hat; then looking about him, and seeing nobody moving, exclaimed—"You cowardly lubbers, with none of you go? Durn my eyes, I'll go for one! So out he went, giving three cheers at the door, to the amusement of all present.

**A Contentment.** About thirty years ago, a poor natural fool who wandered about the east coast of the county of Angus, being of an invidious disposition, was often teased by idle boys and country clowns. One day, when sauntering along the road, he was met by some farmers' servants, who stopped their carts and horses to tease him for sport to themselves, particularly a very ill-looking fellow, who was the most troublesome. "Stand off," said Jamie, "ye ill-looking scoundrel, if I didna ken that God made a man, I would swear that you're a counterfeiter!"

**Col. Cushing,** of the Massachusetts volunteers, has supplied each member with a serviceable pair of boots, at his own expense, since the refusal of their Tory Legislature to provide for them.

**Devil.** The word devil, said a certain person, is mean, any way you can take it. Remove the d and it is evil, reverse the e and it is vile, remove the v and it is ill, and the l alone has the sound of hell. Beware, then, of the devil—he is a mean rascal.

Five candidates for the state prison escaped from the Canton county jail, N. Y., on Sunday evening.

#### ANOTHER RESTORED IN KENNEBEC.

East Livermore, August 12, 1845.

Dear Sir:—You may publish this letter, or make such use of it as you think best. A year ago last fall I was taken sick with a severe cough, was very much pressed for breath, lost my appetite, and became very much reduced in my general health, sweat profusely, and could not sleep nights. I applied to a physician, who done all in his power to relieve and restore me, but did not succeed. I was confined to the house most of the summer, often had long spells of severe coughing; raised some blood sometime in the spring I commenced taking

**Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.**  
Before I had finished one bottle I was relieved; my cough removed; my sleep restored; I bled no more—I have taken four bottles the past season. My strength and general health is now good. I attribute it to WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Signed, NATHAN WELLINGTON.  
I am personally acquainted with Mr. Wellington, and believe his statement above to be true.

Signed, SUMNER C. MOULTON.

#### MARRIED.

In this town, 9th inst., by John Bennett, Esq., Mr. William B. Royal to Miss Abiah Cole.  
In Monmouth, Rev. Seth B. Chase, of this town, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Holmes, of Peru.

#### DIED.

In Farmington, Jacob Abbott, Esq., aged 70 years.  
In Brunswick, David Farren, Esq., aged 80.  
In Union, Persis, wife of Dr. Jonathan Sibley, 70.  
At Matamoras, Titus R. Woods, of Waldo. He belonged to the corps of sappers and miners.

#### TOWN ORDERS.

**BLANKS** for Town Orders for sale at this Office.  
Also—Quitclaim, Warrantee, and Mortgage Deeds—Notary Publics' Executions. All orders, accompanied by the cash, promptly attended to.  
Feb. 23, 1847.

#### Hebron Academy.

As the new building erected by the Trustees of Hebron Academy, is not likely to be ready for use by the first of March, the Superintendent Committee have agreed to suspend the opening of the School till the first Wednesday in August next, when provision permitting, the fall Term will commence.

Hebron, February 13, 1847. JOHN TRIPP, Secretary.

#### Commissioners' Notice.

WE have been appointed by the Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of  
**TRISTRAM PATERSON,**  
late of Portland, in said County of Oxford, whose estate is represented insolvent, given notice that six months commencing January 27th, 1847, have been allowed to said creditors, to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend the service assigned us at the dwelling of the Widow of the late Tristram Paterson in Portland, in said County, on the first Mondays of April, May and June next, from one o'clock, in the afternoon on each of said days.

JOHN MOULTON,  
JOHN COLE.

Portland, January 16, 1847.

#### 5 Chests Nouchang.

**Ningbo.**  
A SUPERIOR ARTICLE, just received from New York, and for sale by

**BROWN & CO.**  
Steep Falls, Norway, Feb. 6, 1847.

#### Cash Paid.

**FOR HELDS GLASS AND CLOVER SEED.**  
**BROWN & CO.**  
Steep Falls, Norway, Jan. 15, 1847.

#### Norway Liberal Institute.

THE First Term of this Institution will commence on Wednesday, the 1st day of March next, and continue Twelve Weeks.  
The course of instruction will be as extensive as is practicable, and will include the study of English, Latin, French, Spanish, German, Italian, also, the various branches of Common and Higher English, particularly those that constitute a Business Education.  
Familiar Lectures on the Natural Sciences will be given by the Faculty during the Term.  
A Teachers' Convention will be held, and receive instruction by special resolutions and oral lectures.

#### ATTENTION.

|                                      |        |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| Common English                       | \$2.00 |
| High " "                             | 4.00   |
| Latin                                | 4.00   |
| French                               | 4.00   |
| Spanish, Italian and German, (extra) | 5.00   |
| Pennsylvania                         | 1.00   |

For less than half a term, thirty or forty cents per week will be charged, according to the student pursued. Students in families, for confinement, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per week. \$1.00 to \$1.25 per week. — *How many, however, will be taken to give students with facilities for teaching themselves, at a considerable saving of cost.*

#### TEACHERS.

Frederick P. Brown, A. B. Principal.  
Jacob W. Brown, Esq., Vice Principal.  
Miss Mary A. Andrews, Teacher of Music.  
Miss M. B. Barker, Teacher of Penmanship.  
N. B. For particulars apply to the Principal, who resides at Stevens' Plains (Western).  
Stevens' Plains, Jan. 26, 1846.

#### The New Store, STEEP FALLS, NORWAY, REOPENED.

THE subscribers having recently opened the Store at Steep Falls, Norway, recently refitted by Messrs. A. D. Brown & Co. are now opening on entire

#### New Stock of Goods.

CONSISTING OF A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF Dry Goods, West India Goods, Groceries, Medicines, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Agricultural Tools, Bar Iron, Steel, &c.

They flatter themselves that their facilities for procuring the best and cheapest goods at very low prices, and that they will be benefited with the smallest possible rate of profit.

Their Stock embraces a great variety of Goods, both of quality and price, and they do not intend to be undersold by any trader in the County. They do not expect to give character to their establishment by offering a cheap and inferior article at cheap prices, so much as by the selection of good quality and cheapness of the whole. Their Stock embraces too great a variety to attempt an enumeration of the articles; but the Goods are cheap, and they are to be sold, both at WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

At Auction of Produce taken in payment—and the cash not retained.

**BROWN & CO.**  
Steep Falls, Norway, Jan. 15, 1847.

#### Notice of Foreclosure.

**WHEREAS,** THOMPSON STARR, of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1839, by his deed of Mortgage of that date, duly executed and recorded in Vol. 18, page 210, of the Registry of Deeds in said County of Oxford, conveyed to a certain parcel of land situate in said Waterford, and described as follows:—Beginning at a stake in the ground on the most Southerly side of the road leading from the house formerly occupied by Ezra Jewell to Oliver Atherton's on the Westerly side of the bridge near the turn in the wall, and run South forty-four degrees West four rods twelve and a half links to a stone and stones, thence South forty five degrees East cross the main stream to a heap of stones near the Elm tree five rods and eleven links, thence north forty-four degrees east four rods and sixteen links to the above said road to a stake and stones, then on the most Southerly side of said road to the first mentioned bound, to secure the payment of a certain note bearing even date with the mortgage for the sum of six hundred and twenty-five dollars, payable in three equal annual payments, with interest, annually. The condition in said mortgage having been broken by reason of non-payment of said note, I claim to hold the same for condition broken, from this date.

NATHAN JEWELL, Jun'r.  
Houlton, February 6, 1847.

#### State of Maine.

Oxford, ss: District Court for the Western District, Nov. Term, 1846.

**Alfred Andrews,** Plaintiff, v. **E. L. Mayhew,** Defendant.

IN a plea of the case, for that the said Mayhew at Paris on the twenty fourth day of March, A. D. 1845, by his promissory note of that date by him signed for value received, promised the said PTF. the sum of twenty dollars in January then next. Also, that the said Defendant at Paris being indebted to the PTF. in the sum of seven dollars fifty for money lent by the PTF. to the Def., and in seven dollars and fifty cents for money received by the Def. to the use of the PTF. at the Defendant's request, for a long time before then elapsed—in consideration thereof promised to pay the said several sums of money to the PTF. on demand. Yet the Defendant, though often requested, has not paid said sums to the PTF. but neglects and refuses so to do. To the damages of the said PTF. (as he says) the sum of sixty dollars.

IN the above action the Court order that the PTF. cause the above mentioned A. L. Mayhew to be notified of the pendency of this suit by publishing 3 weeks successively, in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, an attested copy of a statement of the Writ and Declaration, and this Order of Court thereon, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the next term of this Court, to be held at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of June, A. D. 1847, that he may then and there, in said Court, appear and show cause (if any he have) why judgment in said action should not be rendered against him, and execution issue accordingly.

A true copy or abstract of the Writ and Declaration with the Order of Court thereon.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

To the Hon. Justice of the Western District Court, to be held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

**THE** Petition of Wm. Minor, John R. Adams and Joseph C. Wistrup, all of Boston, County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Executors and Trustees under the Will of Thomas L. Wistrup, late of said Boston, deceased, humbly sheweth that they are all interested and hold in common and undivided with GATES MINOR and other persons to your petitioners unknown, one undivided fourth part of a parcel of land situated in Township number Two, now called Franklin Plantation, in the County of Oxford, described and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the South East corner of said Township number Two, now Franklin Plantation, thence North eighty-three and one half degrees West on the line of the town of Sumner and said number Two, two hundred rods to the South East corner of Lot numbered Eight in Usher's South Grant, thence on the East line of said lot one hundred and sixty rods to the North East corner of said lot numbered Eight, thence South eighty-three and one half degrees West two hundred rods to the South East corner of lot numbered Fourteen in said Usher's Grant, thence on the Easterly line of said lot numbered Fourteen one hundred and sixty rods to the North East corner of said lot numbered Fourteen, thence South eighty-three and one half degrees West six hundred and nine rods to the line of Woodstock, thence North two and one half degrees East one hundred and sixty rods to the South West corner of lot numbered Eight in Milton Academy Grant, thence North seventy-three and one half degrees East on said Milton Academy Grant line nine hundred rods to the line of Peru, thence South fourteen degrees East six hundred and ten rods to the line of said lot numbered Eight, thence North eighty-three and one half degrees West on said lot numbered Eight, containing six hundred and seventy acres.

Also, one other undivided fourth part of a parcel of land and estate situated in said Township number Two described and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the North East corner of said Township number Two, now Franklin Plantation, thence North eighty-three and one half degrees West on the line of the town of Sumner and said number Two, two hundred rods to the South East corner of Lot numbered Eight in Usher's South Grant, thence on the East line of said lot one hundred and sixty rods to the North East corner of said lot numbered Eight, thence South eighty-three and one half degrees West six hundred and nine rods to the line of Woodstock, thence North two and one half degrees East one hundred and sixty rods to the South West corner of lot numbered Eight in Milton Academy Grant, thence North seventy-three and one half degrees East on said Milton Academy Grant line nine hundred rods to the line of Peru, thence South fourteen degrees East six hundred and ten rods to the line of said lot numbered Eight, containing six hundred and seventy acres.

Wherefore they pray your Honor to order and cause partition to be made of said real estate and that their portions thereof may be set off to be by them held in security according to law in such cases provided.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

Wm. MINOR.

JOHN R. ADAMS.

JOSEPH C. WISTRUP.

ROBT G. WINTHROP.

#### STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss: At a District Court, Western District, held and holden at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1846, the following case was called on and tried.

**ON** the Petition sheweth, Ordered, That notice be given by publishing an attested copy of said Petition from this Order of Court therein three weeks successively in the Portland Advertiser, a newspaper printed in the City of Portland, and in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, and by serving the same upon the said GATES MINOR, named in said petition, by leaving him a copy in hand, or by leaving the same at his last and usual place of abode. Each of the last publications to be thirty days, at least, and said petition upon said notice to be served, at least thirty days before the second Tuesday of June, A. D. 1847, that all persons interested may attend and be heard at they think proper.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

A true copy of the Petition and Order of Court thereon.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

#### Buckfield Academy.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will commence, Monday, March 1st, and continue nine weeks, under the direction of F. E. ELLIS, Esq., Principal. Such male students as are qualified will be employed in the studies of the School may require.

Tuition—Greek and Latin Languages, \$3.00  
English Branches, \$2.00

Board, including washing, room rent, wood and light, may be obtained in good families, from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per week.

For Terms.

Feb. 12, 1847.

#### Sheriff's Sale.

**NOTICE** on Execution, and will be sold public Auction on Saturday, the 6th day of March, 1847, at ten o'clock A. M. at the Inn of Col. Samuel Merrill, in Dixfield, — At the Request of F. E. ELLIS, Esq., Principal, which SAMUEL WEBSTER has redeemed the Farm which he now occupies, situated in Dixfield, being the same he purchased of Wm. Adams.

ISAAC PARK, Deputy Sheriff.

Dixfield, January 26th, 1847.



